

The COMMONWEAL

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Hello Everybody

AT THIS season every year Frank Sullivan in the *New Yorker* prints very ingeniously rhymed Christmas and New Year greetings to practically everyone who has ever made the grade into the gossip columns. Obviously very tired, yet clinging resolutely to the optimism of such New Year's relationships, the British Foreign Minister, Mr. Ernest Bevin, has returned to London and his radio report to the British people reads like a pastiche of Mr. Sullivan's annual pastime. You can parody a serious piece and be funny; but also you can parody a funny piece, you can put a nursery rhyme into solemn diplomatic language—and still you are funny. Mr. Bevin remembers all his friends just as Mr. Sullivan thinks of his:

Yugoslavia has a great task of economic reconstruction ahead and will, I believe, cooperate to the fullest possible extent.

Italy, injured as she is by the war, can be sure of the help of the rest of us. She must herself provide will and leadership on the part of her own democratic leaders. If this is done, she will soon get on her political and economic legs.

And the Balkan countries may be assured that if they desire trade they can have it.

My love to Trieste, greetings to the Danube river basin, hello to the Tyrol, happy days to UNESCO—most special good wishes to four great

nations and to my own which makes five:

America, a country of free enterprise, has shown a willingness to play her part to the full. . . .

Soviet Russia, who has evolved an entirely different system . . . now has to recreate herself again.

France, who has been invaded three times, who has given to the world enduring principles of liberty and has a deep culture and wide literature—France, too, is making her contribution to this new interlocking world.

China, who has gone through such a devastating period, still torn by civil war, will yet unite and contribute with her age-long philosophy and experience.

Great Britain, developing rapidly her social, democratic state . . . has, with the commonwealth, a great contribution to make, and will still take her place as a great power.

There is that last wistful phrase as though Mr. Bevin had also sat through "The Iceman Cometh" on New Year's Eve and was somewhat uncertain about the validity of any resolutions at all, and then he ties up these five great, and diversely contributing nations into a sentence with a question mark:

Can anyone believe that if five great powers live in concord and harmony, and are helped by smaller powers who are contributing [again!] energies and hopes, war is possible at all?

There is only one answer to that one.

In Favor of the United States

MR. BENVENISTI'S "commentary" from London, printed on page 298 of this issue, deals with the Labor "revolt" against the conduct of British foreign policy, and so also with the foreign policy of the United States. Mr. Benvenisti treats the subject in a stimulating fashion which makes it contagious, and so we would also like to examine slightly the "capacity for illusion" which our London correspondent criticizes.

The "London Commentary" does not propound a personal position toward the purported international problem—Russia and/or the United States—except in detail. But the details cited and the organization of the whole article lead one to identify his position with that of "advocates of a sort of middle way policy of compromise." In that direction is the grand illusion.

The United States is accused of "a certain short-sighted intransigence." The principal example given is our evident effort to keep Russia from taking over the Dardanelles. Mr. Benvenisti considers it very difficult to tell Russia the difference between the relationship of the USSR to the Dardanelles and the American relationship to the Panama Canal. Supported by a favorable national bias, we would have no difficulty at all in demonstrating the difference on the basis of history, geography and economics. The Straits of Magellan would serve much closer than the

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Panama Canal as an analogy to the Dardanelles, and that would disregard the disproportion between the development of Europe and South America, and many other pertinent considerations.

But, more basic and more difficult, it seems to us an illusion to disregard the difference between the "Russian sphere" on one side and the American and everywhere else in the world on the other. Mr. Benvenisti writes in this article as though the Isthmus and the Canal were of interest simply as war bases. He appears to reject in his fourth paragraph the contention that "Russia, one was led to suppose, was equally as ruthless [as the US, on the other hand, that is] in her enmity toward democracy, and was out to destroy democracy, by force if necessary, wherever she could." He does not even bring up the contention that those areas of the map where Russia is fully established are black areas.

This is our charge: that it is *worse* to have the Russian State Party—the Stalinists, the power group of communism—dominate a "sphere" than to have the United States or England do so. It means an entirely different thing for a people to live in a land where Russia has the final say than in a land where the United States prevents Russia from having it, and so, potentially, might theoretically have the last say itself.

And what is this business of compromise? If Russia asks this year for all of Europe and two-thirds of Asia, then is it compromise if she gets only half of Europe and only a third of Asia? That is absolutely fake. If you want to trade people and lands around in some unconscionable game of power, then for every bit thrown to Stalin from the non-communist world, we ought to insist that in return the rest of the world gets a piece of the Russian communist sphere. In such compromise Stalin would have lost Moscow before now.

Most importantly, however, it is not a question of nations and areas of control, but of systems and concepts of living. What compromises are communists on the one hand, and non-communists on the other, willing to make in their world outlooks, in their philosophies and religions, and in their politics, economics and sociologies? This is not a national problem. Evidently Mr. Crossman of England and Mr. Wallace of the United States join hands across borders and with liberal gestures surrender decisions to the communists. Unfortunately, the communists have displayed no sign whatsoever of finding anything at all in their Marxian materialist framework to sacrifice in appeasing compromise. The traffic is all one way. Those who want compromise ought to spend some effort trying to discover how to persuade the Stalinists to begin. It appears to us that the only flicker to appear so far—a small bit at the

UN; a little by-play in Iran—was the result of a certain "intransigence" of our State Department. Westerners, on either side of the Atlantic, don't need persuasion to compromise principles, like those of the Atlantic Charter, say, or to surrender the freedom of other countries, such, for instance, as the Baltic group and all those Balkans.

Building Trades Apprentices

MANY months ago attention was called in these columns to the ruinous results of the apprentice policies of the AFL building trades unions. By virtually excluding new blood almost since the time of the last war, the membership of these unions had become depleted and the average age of members had gone perilously high. The results have been apparent throughout the country, both in the shortage of skilled construction labor and in the widespread use of unskilled mechanics to build the chicken coops now being foisted on veterans. At last these unions give some sign—perhaps it would be more accurate to call it a public sign—that they are aware of their own predicament. It is a local, not a national sign, as is inevitable from the jealously guarded autonomy preserved, on the surface, by these labor groups. At least it is a sign.

The New York *Times* in mid-December announced that the Building and Construction Trades Council of Greater New York and Long Island, representing 126 locals and a claimed membership of 300,000, had plans to remedy the apprentice situation. It paraphrases the Council's director of public relation, Mr. Arthur W. Murphy, as follows: "While membership lists were held down, the average age of members went up, until some unions had members averaging more than 50 years of age. [Mr. Murphy would have been closer to conveying the true picture had he boosted his figure and made it a trifle more precise.] Now, as opportunities for employment increase, more and more young men will be admitted, from among the sons of members, and especially from among veterans. [Are the latter to be a preferred class among the former, or are they to be just veterans?] On-the-job training of veterans will increase, after having been throttled by the dearth of jobs available. [What you really mean, Mr. Murphy, is that your unions are threatened with destruction through utter incapacity to meet the demand for workers.]"

But in all this there is no hint or suggestion of a really considered apprentice training program. Hopes are expressed that former carpenters and bricklayers will be attracted back to their old trades by job opportunities, or that New York bricklayers now in Detroit will want to come

home if they can get work at the higher New York scales, or that the existing labor force will be willing to work eight hours a day (instead of six and a half or seven) if they are paid adequate overtime. And there is the barest hint that maybe some of the men who were in substance given apprentice training in the building trades while they were doing wartime construction, having thus acquired "manual skills easily adaptable to one or another building trade," will perhaps have a chance to join a union. It may not be quite fair to attribute all this paraphrased material to Mr. Murphy, but it sounds so much like the old line that a reader is much tempted to believe the paraphrase substantially accurate.

Yet at least one building trades official has hinted that maybe a few apprentices will soon be considered.

Bowls, Cups and Olympics

WHAT a far cry it is from a set-to of shinny on a country pond to the professional hockey fracas, at which Canadian players excel, in some big city arena! Or from a game of one-a-cat on a neighborhood lot to a tense world series contest in a jam-packed stadium. Perhaps the contrast is even greater between a backyard touch or tackle or five-yards-back engagement happily prolonged into the dusk and one of the proliferating New Year's Day games—with its on-the-scene patronage running to scores of thousands, and millions more, in the name of razor blades or some other gimmick, being whipped to a Heatterish frenzy by the continually hysterical antics of a sports announcer. That many of the big stars this year have been rewarded for their runs and passes by a princely salary and a plushy car, in addition to the free room, board, tuition and other items which somehow affiliate them with their respective schools, is only fitting. Everybody knows that big-time athletics—college or professional—is no longer sport but big business. And for many of the gladiators the fun has quite gone out of it.

These are not particularly heartening reflections about the present face of American sports. Athletics has become another of our Frankenstein monsters which confuses ends and means. But when American teams imbued with the must-win spirit venture into foreign fields to take on other teams (similarly inspired) the consequences are even more lamentable.

If there ever could be a contest where conditions should be favorable to international goodwill, it was the 1946 challenge round for the Davis Cup. Here were two naturally friendly people speaking the same language (what if Americans do detect a nasal, Cockney intonation in Australian speech?). The people from down

under have been grateful for United States victories in the Orient, whatever differences we may have about the future of the Pacific. American and Australian delegates to the United Nations have in fact been of the same mind on virtually every subject. When word came through that a number of Australians had been keeping after William Talbert, one of the members of the visiting American tennis squad, to find out how a diabetic could play such a strenuous game day after day, it was gratifying. Particularly since Billy proved most accommodating in explaining how his insulin did the trick. It has been a tangible indication of friendly interest and good feeling. And, if highly competitive in spirit, both nations also share the Anglo-Saxon tradition of fair play.

Yet there were two unfortunate incidents that aroused grave fears for the Davis Cup matches themselves. When the American champions, Talbert and Mulloy, were roundly beaten by Jack Bromwich and Colin Long in a sectional doubles tourney, they protested Mr. Bromwich's habit on the way to the net of dropping the ball he had not used in serving. And Mr. Pate, the non-playing captain of our Davis Cup forces, made the protest official. Ill-feeling from the incident had hardly subsided when the Australians announced themselves greatly incensed about a schedule of post-Cup exhibition matches which the Americans had arranged. If one considers also that the challenge cup matches were to be played with the mercury hovering near the century mark, it was hard to see how anything substantially good could come of the duel, whoever was to end up with possession of the Cup.

When there is so much potential dynamite in international matches played under ideal conditions, the moral is obvious. It is time to call a moratorium on official international sports contests until the world calms down. Barnstorming might not be quite as bad if local sportswriters did not make too much of these informal meetings. But Hitler's rage at the victories of the American "Abyssinians" at the Olympics held in Germany in 1936 should serve today as a pointed warning. For the totalitarian Russians are equally convinced that they cannot countenance defeats for their representatives even on these playing fields. They are reported to be hard at the most intensive secret athletic preparations. And what if American preponderance in track and field continues to prevail against all comers? An essential way to avoid much bad feeling between the nations is to postpone the next Olympics indefinitely and call off until further notice all major international contests. Not so much that this would reduce these coordinated muscular activities toward their proper size, as in the interests of world peace.

Summons to Berchtesgaden

Austria's former chancellor
tells of an historic meeting*

Kurt von Schuschnigg

We remember the stories: how they kept him continuously facing a bright light; how they were trying to drive him mad, because he knew what had happened at Berchtesgaden four weeks before they took over his country and because the world must never know. And now we find that these stories were false and now we are told what did take place in that famous interview. For the light it casts on Hitler's style early in 1938, when he was preparing to grab his first big piece of territory, what follows has deep meaning. It is doubtless the most accurate account of a dramatic episode the world will ever have.—THE EDITORS.

EVERYTHING had been done to keep our trip secret. Our sleeper was pushed onto a siding in Salzburg, and we stayed in it until our car arrived to take us to Berchtesgaden. A few plain-clothes men were on duty, but the local authorities were not informed of our presence. At about nine-thirty a.m. our car came. We had been told that Hitler could not receive us before eleven a.m.

We drove through Salzburg, past the airfield, and then on the broad, straight highway through the cold winter morning, toward the German border.

Herr von Papen awaited us there. The German customs officials saluted smartly with raised hands and opened the turnpike to let our car pass into German territory. Herr von Papen seemed to be in the very best of humor. "The Fuehrer is expecting us at the appointed hour," he told us, and was sure I would not mind that a few German generals had arrived, quite accidentally, at Hitler's villa, Berghof. I asked him who they were; and he named Keitel, who had just been appointed to head the High Command of the Wehrmacht, von Reichenau, in command of the motorized forces stationed in Dresden, and General of the Air Force Sperrle. I told him that I would not mind—especially since I had not much choice in the matter.

Shortly before reaching the village of Berchtesgaden, our road turned sharply to the left, and

soon the car stopped. The last lap of our journey to the Berghof, up the icy mountain road, had to be made by reconnaissance car on caterpillars. We passed a number of neat farmhouses and a dreamy old village church. Halfway up the mountainside we came upon the first SS barracks, some of them completed, others still under construction. Curious faces filled every window. As I heard later, most of these SS guards were Austrian Legionnaires. At the first of many heavy gates that barred the road, a guard saluted and opened to let us pass. Four months later, this same guard stood in my cell and reminded me of our first encounter. After a sharp turn our reconnaissance car stopped in front of the large terrace of the Berghof.

Hitler and his suite—the three generals I had been told of among them—advanced toward the steps to greet us. He was wearing the brown tunic of the Storm Troop uniform with the swastika armband and long black trousers. The greeting was friendly and formal. After a short introduction of our mutual staffs, Hitler led me into his study on the second floor of his spacious country house. In the center of the long and rather narrow hall stood several heavy tables and easy chairs, where Hitler invited me to sit down.

The following conversation, which was somewhat unilateral, I have written down from memory; it covers only the essential—or at least the significant—passages.

★

I: This room with its wonderful view has doubtless been the scene of many a decisive conference, Herr Reichskanzler.

Hitler: Yes, in this room my thoughts ripen. But we did not get together to speak of the fine view or of the weather.

I: First of all, Herr Reichskanzler, I would like to thank you that you have given me the opportunity for this meeting. I would like to assure you that we take the treaty between our two countries, which we signed in July, 1936, very seriously, and that we are most anxious to remove all of the remaining misunderstandings and difficulties. In any case, we have done everything to prove that we intend to follow a policy

* An excerpt from "Austrian Requiem," by Kurt von Schuschnigg. Putnam. \$3.50. Published this week.

friendly toward Germany in accordance with our mutual agreement.

Hitler: So you call this a friendly policy, Herr Schuschnigg? On the contrary, you have done everything to avoid a friendly policy. For instance, you quite complacently remained a member of the League of Nations, in spite of the fact that the Reich withdrew from the League. And you call that a friendly policy?

I: Nobody asked Austria to withdraw from the League of Nations. We could not assume that such a step was expected of us, for at the time of our agreement, in July, 1936, Germany had long since left the League without ever stipulating that Austria do the same. We were rather of the opinion that our presence in the League could be useful to our common cause, and in this opinion we were strengthened by Italy, which had also left the League. Besides, Austria could never leave the League if only for reasons of state finance.

Hitler: Anyway, it is self-evident that you had to leave the League. Besides, Austria has never done anything that would be of any help to Germany. The whole history of Austria is just one uninterrupted act of high treason. That was so in the past and is no better today. This historical paradox must now reach its long overdue end. And I can tell you right now, Herr Schuschnigg, that I am absolutely determined to make an end of all this. The German Reich is one of the great powers, and nobody will raise his voice if it settles its border problems.

I: Herr Reichskanzler, I am fully aware of your attitude toward the Austrian question and toward the history of my country. And you will understand that my opinion in these questions differs basically from yours. For us Austrians our entire history is an essential and inseparable part of German history. Austria's contribution in this respect is considerable.

Hitler: Absolutely zero—I am telling you—absolutely zero. Every national idea was sabotaged by Austria throughout history; and indeed, all this sabotage was the chief activity of the Hapsburgs and the Catholic Church.

I: All the same, Herr Reichskanzler, many an Austrian contribution cannot possibly be separated from the general picture of German culture. Take for instance a man like Beethoven . . .

Hitler: Oh—Beethoven? Let me tell you that Beethoven came from the lower Rhineland.

I: Yet Austria was the country of his choice, as it was for so many others. Nobody would, for instance, refer to Metternich as a German from the Rhineland.

Hitler: That's as may be. I am telling you once more that things cannot go on in this way. I have an historic mission; and this mission I will fulfill because Providence has destined me to do

so. I thoroughly believe in this mission; it is my life. And I believe in God; I am a religious man, although not in any denominational sense of the word. Consider the path I have chosen. Consider what I have achieved. Today there are no parties, no classes, no dissensions in the German people. They all want the same thing. There is but one will. True, I had thought I could bring this about in another manner. I wanted to unite the nation in the two great churches—the Catholic and a united Protestant church—and solve my task with their help. But this appeared impracticable, because the churches refused to cooperate. Therefore, I decided that my task would be achieved without the churches—and if necessary despite the churches. Who is not with me will be crushed. Look around you in Germany today, Herr Schuschnigg, and you will find that there is but one will. I was predestined to accomplish this task; I have chosen the most difficult road that any German ever took; I have made the greatest achievement in the history of Germany, greater than any other German. And not by force, mind you. I am carried along by the love of my people. I can go about freely and without guard at any time in Germany. And that because I am borne by the love and trust of my people. I wish you could have seen my recent trip to Hamburg, or the one to Augsburg, Herr Schuschnigg. Wherever I go, I need the police only to keep the masses back, to save them from being trampled, to curb their boundless enthusiasm—but not for my protection.

I: Herr Reichskanzler, I am quite willing to believe that.

Hitler: And you know, I could call myself an Austrian with just as much reason, in fact with far more reason, than you, Herr Schuschnigg. Why don't you try a plebiscite in Austria in which we two run against each other? You just try that.

I: Well, if that were possible. But you know yourself, Herr Reichskanzler, that this is impossible. My views differ radically from yours. There is nothing we can do but live together, side by side, the little state next to the big one. We have no other choice. And so I would ask you to enumerate your complaints. We will do everything to remove obstacles to a better understanding, as far as it is possible. After all, we do not want anything else but to live in peace and fulfill our historic mission in central Europe.

Hitler: That is what you say, Herr Schuschnigg. But I am telling you that I am going to solve the so-called Austrian problem one way or the other. Do you imagine I don't know that you are fortifying your border against the Reich?

I: That is not true.

Hitler: Oh, no? You have made rather ridiculous efforts to mine the bridges and roads leading to the Reich.

I: If such a thing were done I should have heard about it.

Hitler: Listen, you don't really think that you can move a single stone in Austria without my hearing the most accurate details about it the very next day, do you?

I: The work you are referring to, Herr Reichskanzler, can only be some rudimentary defense work which we had to begin—partly as an answer to the road blocks that Czechoslovakia erected. We have taken these measures on all our borders and nobody can object if we prepare a defense against illegal intrusions on our territory.

Hitler: I have only to give an order, and in one single night all your ridiculous defense mechanisms are blown to bits. You don't seriously believe that you can stop me or even delay me for half an hour, do you? Who knows? Perhaps you will wake up one morning in Vienna to find us there—just like a spring storm. And then you'll see something. I would very much like to save Austria from such a fate, because such an action would mean blood. After the army, my SA and the Austrian Legion would move in, and nobody can stop their just revenge—not even I. Do you want to make another Spain of Austria? I would like to avoid all that—if possible.

I: I shall investigate the matter and will have any defense work on the German border stopped. I am fully aware that you can invade Austria, but Herr Reichskanzler, whether we like it or not, that would mean bloodshed. We are not alone in this world, and such a step would probably mean war.

Hitler: It is easy enough to talk of war while we are sitting here in our comfortable easy chairs. But war means endless misery for millions. Do you want to take this responsibility upon yourself, Herr Schuschnigg? Don't think for one moment that anybody on earth is going to thwart my decisions. Italy? I see eye to eye with Mussolini, the closest ties of friendship bind me to Italy. And England? England will not move one finger for Austria. Not long ago an English diplomat sat in the very chair you are now sitting in. And outside this window hundreds and hundreds of Austrians marched by—men, women, and children—starved, in rags, desperate. Misery was written on their faces. And all of them had come here to see me, to implore me as their savior to put an end to their misery. I showed these people to the Englishman and he grew very silent and no longer contradicted me. No, you can't expect any help from England. And France? Well, three years ago we marched on the Rhineland with a handful of battalions, that was the time I risked everything. If France had stopped us then, we would have had to retreat perhaps sixty kilometers or so, and even then we could have stopped them there. But now it is too late for

France. The world must know that it is unbearable for a great power like Germany to have every little state on her borders believe that it can provoke her. I have watched it long enough without interfering because I hoped that in the end reason would triumph. But it is simply an impossible state of affairs when people are thrown into jail in Austria merely because they sing a song that you don't like or because they salute each other with "Heil Hitler." The persecution of National Socialists in Austria must have an end or else I shall put an end to it.

I: Nobody is persecuted in Austria who abides by the law. Our laws and our constitution, which recognize no party, were acknowledged by the Reich in the agreement of July, 1936. It was then stipulated that bygones be bygones and that there be no encouragement of any future nazi underground movement. That was agreed. Besides, there is no persecution of National Socialists today in Austria, and if it had not been for the assassination of Dr. Dollfuss in July, 1934, we would not have a single nazi in our prisons today.

Hitler: You are right, Herr Bundeskanzler, I admit that Dollfuss stands between us. But I assure you that I knew nothing of the plot; and, had I known of it, I would certainly have stopped it. But believe me, it was a grave mistake that you brought Planetta to justice. You should have handled him in the way we handle such problems. Remember the case of the communist leader Thaelmann? Well, you see. But you only made a martyr out of Planetta.

I: At that time there was no other possibility.

Hitler: Listen, I know how it is in Austria better than you do. Not one day passes that I am not implored to interevene.

I: Perhaps you would think differently if you were actually in Austria, Herr Reichskanzler. You know Vienna.

Hitler: Yes, but that was a long time ago.

I: Since that time the Herr Reichskanzler has not been to Austria?

Hitler: Well, the Austrian government has prohibited me from entering. Once, some years ago, I was in Vienna at night, and afterward I secretly visited the grave of my parents. That is how I am treated by Austria. But now I give you once more, and for the last time, the opportunity to come to terms, Herr Schuschnigg. Either we find a solution now or else events will take their course. And we shall see whether you will like these events. Next Sunday I go before the German nation, and in this speech before the Reichstag the German people must know what the situation is. Think it over, Herr Schuschnigg, think it over well. I can only wait until this afternoon. If I tell you that, you will do well to take my words literally. I don't believe in bluffing. All my past is proof for that. I have achieved

everything that I set out to do and have thus become perhaps the greatest German of all history. It is not my habit to talk much or to give warning of things to come, as does for instance Mussolini. He does things differently. And besides my name there are other great German names; if I were to close my eyes today the future of Germany would be nonetheless secure. We have a Hermann Goering, we have a Rudolf Hess, a Frick, an Epp, and countless others. I offer you, Herr Schuschnigg, the unique opportunity to have your name added to these great German names. That would be an honorable deed, and all difficulties could be avoided. I know that one has to take into account certain peculiarities of the Austrians, but that could be easily taken care of.

I: Herr Reichskanzler, you know my views on this question. They are my personal views as well as those which duty toward my country dictates. Now what exactly are your wishes?

Hitler: That we can discuss this afternoon.

★

Thus our first interview came to an end after about two hours. Hitler rang a bell and the huge, heavy doors were silently opened from the outside. We went down the stairs and along a corridor adorned with a large, impressive bust of Bismarck. . . .

We had ample time for our own deliberations, as we sat fully two hours in a sort of antechamber. With us were the chief of the German press, Dietrich, and the generals. The latter stressed that they had no idea why they had been ordered to come to Berghof. There was also a young man in the black SS uniform, the son of a well-known surgeon from Vienna. Cocktails were served, and for the first time since our arrival, we were permitted to smoke.

Finally we—Dr. Schmidt and I—were admitted to a room where we found the German Foreign Minister, von Ribbentrop, and Herr von Papen. Ribbentrop showed us a typewritten draft of about two pages and remarked that it contained the limit of the concessions the Fuehrer was willing to make. I was relieved to have at last something definite before me, and prepared to peruse the document. The essential points were as follows:

1. The Austrian government pledges itself to appoint immediately Dr. Seyss-Inquart to the post of Minister of Public Security, with full and unlimited control of the police forces in Austria.
2. For the administration of Austro-German economic relations and for all related fields, Dr. Fischboeck is to be appointed cabinet member.
3. All National Socialists who are at present serving a sentence or are being detained for future juridical action, including the participants in

the revolt of July, 1934, and the assassins of Chancellor Dollfuss, have to be set free within three days.

4. All nazi officials and officers who were relieved of their duties are to be reinstated in their former positions and rights.

5. One hundred officers of the German Army are to be immediately detailed for duty with the Austrian Army and vice-versa.

6. Everyone is free to profess the National Socialist creed. National Socialists will be admitted to the Patriotic Front organization, having equal rights with other groups in this organization. Within the framework of the Patriotic Front these National Socialist groups will be permitted to develop legal activities in accordance with Austrian laws and the constitution which, as a corporative system, do not permit the formation of political parties as such. Therefore, the National Socialist Party and its associated organizations shall remain illegal.

7. The German Reich government reaffirms in return the agreements of July 11, 1936, and thereby renews its full recognition of Austria's sovereignty and independence, and specifically abstains from any intervention in Austria's interior political affairs.

Herr von Ribbentrop solicitously explained every single paragraph and took notice of my objections, but he asserted again that the draft had to be accepted as it stood. We voiced our protest, and Dr. Schmidt reminded Herr von Papen of the agreement that only subjects of mutual agreement were to be brought up at the meeting at the Berghof. Herr von Papen assured us that he was as much surprised as we.

While the first paragraphs of the draft meant nothing else but the complete end of the independence of the Austrian government, the very contrary of what we had come to Berchtesgaden to discuss, the real trap lay in paragraph 6. . . .

★

After waiting again for a considerable time, I was told that Hitler wished to see me. The Fuehrer was pacing excitedly up and down when I entered the study.

Hitler: Herr Schuschnigg, I have decided to make one last attempt. Here is the draft of the document. There is nothing to be discussed about it. I will not change one single iota. You will either sign it as it stands or else our meeting has been useless. In that case I shall decide during the night what will be done next.

I: I have been informed of the contents of the document and can do nothing under the circumstances but take cognizance of it. I am also willing to sign it, but I want to make it quite clear that my signature alone can be of no value whatsoever to you, Herr Reichskanzler. Accord-

ing to our constitution, cabinet members are appointed by the head of the state, the President, just as it is only the President who can grant an amnesty. Therefore, my signature can mean only that I am ready to appeal to the President and to see that the agreement is carried out, if the President should decide to accept it.

Hitler: Yes, I understand that. . . .

I: Consequently I can in no way guarantee that the time limits stipulated in the document—as for instance the three days for the amnesty—will be observed.

Hitler: You have to guarantee that.

I: I could not possibly, Herr Reichskanzler.

At this answer Hitler seemed to lose his self-control. He ran to the doors, opened them, and shouted, "General Keitel!" Then, turning back to me, he said, "I shall have you called later." . . .

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About half an hour later I was again called to Hitler.

Hitler: I have decided to change my mind—for the first time in my entire life. But I warn you—this is your very last chance. I have given you three more days before the agreement goes into effect.

Dr. Schmidt and Herr von Papen were called into the study. The ensuing monologue contained nothing new and is not worth recording. . . .

Finally we discussed the press release. I asked that the communiqué make mention of the July treaty of 1936, and reminded Hitler that I was expressly told in Vienna that our discussions would be a continuation and reaffirmation of these agreements. I pointed out that the tension would be relaxed if the press release were held in this tenor.

Hitler: Oh, no! First you have to fulfill the conditions of our agreement. This is what is going to the press: "Today the Fuehrer and Reichskanzler conferred with the Austrian Bundeskanzler at the Berghof." That's all. Next Sunday in my speech before the Reichstag I shall mention our meeting with some favorable commentary for Austria.

In the meantime, the public was to remain uninformed. Toward evening the two copies of the agreement were signed. The originals, which later on were never mentioned again, bore the signatures: A. Hitler, Ribbentrop, Schuschnigg, Dr. Schmidt.

Hitler asked us to stay for supper but we declined. We took our leave and once more entered the reconnaissance car, which bore us down the mountain. Herr von Papen remarked:

"Well, now you have seen what the Fuehrer can be like at times. But the next time I am sure it will be different. You know the Fuehrer can be absolutely charming."

"The next time," I wondered. There would be no next time unless Hitler, for once, really meant what he had said. But since this was more than doubtful, there would be no more discussions about Austria. Of this I was quite sure. And I also knew that there was little room for any hope.

London Commentary

J. L. BENVENISTI

YOUR PRESS will have reported to you the act of rebellion of fifty-eight Labor members who tabled what was virtually a "no confidence" motion in the House of Commons in the matter of Mr. Bevin's foreign policy. The exact terms of the motion do not greatly matter here, but the general gist of the speeches was that Britain had allowed herself to be tied to American chariot wheels and was making a common and aggressive front with American capitalism for an anti-Soviet crusade.

I would not waste my time expatiating on such silliness were it not for two things. First, it shows how deep the misunderstanding between Britain and America is in danger of becoming. Secondly, the particular line taken illustrates in a glaring way that growing capacity for illusion which does sometimes make me think that this country is trembling on the brink of disaster.

I am not at all certain that this aspect of the matter is not the more serious of the two, so I will explain myself at greater length. Readers of my articles will know by now that I do not share the view according to which the United States are the lone practitioners of acquisitive power politics, while the Russians are quite incapable of coveting their neighbor's vineyard, his oil or his wheat, to say nothing of his uranium deposits. But that supposition, if you are capable of entertaining it, provides the basis of a perfectly intelligent policy. You simply gang up with the Russians on every conceivable occasion, and hope for the best; and on your own premises that would be a perfectly sensible thing to do.

What bedeviled the whole issue on this particular occasion was precisely that this kind of thing wasn't said. On the contrary, one gathered that in the proposers' view, Russia and America were much of a muchness, though in different ways, and neither of them was very nice to know. If America was willing to shed human blood by the bucket for the sake of Middle East oil resources, Russia, one was led to suppose, was equally as ruthless in her enmity towards democracy, and was out to destroy democracy, by force if necessary, wherever she could. That, too, if you can bring yourself to believe it, can be made the basis for an equally intelligent policy. But that was precisely what the rebel members failed

to make it. All they could say was that Britain should steer a sort of middle way and should in particular counter the enmity of Russia "by building up something better than communism at home."

Now, this kind of thing simply makes no sense at all. What these people really have in mind is that in a new world conflict, Britain could somehow remain neutral, keeping Russia at arm's length by some kind of ideological gesticulation, and relying, I suppose, on the excessive wetness of the Atlantic Ocean to keep the Americans on the other side of it, and the whole thing, of course, is nonsense.

First of all, this business of setting up something "better than communism." Surely, it is obvious that if we are ever going to have anything better than communism we have got it now, in the form of the modified socialism which we at present enjoy and which combines at least the remote possibility of a rising standard of life with the fullest possible enjoyment of all essential liberties. This is what the British set-up has got to offer, and if Russia doesn't like it now she never will like it. And since, in point of fact, so far from liking it, she hates the whole thing like hell (she calls it "petty bourgeois democracy"), then the more we develop it according to our own characteristic lines, the more intense will be her detestation.

In actual fact, of course, so far as the ultimate fate of this country is concerned, it doesn't matter twopence whether Russia likes us or whether she doesn't. If, which God prevent, another war breaks out, our island would sooner or later be grabbed by one side or the other. In these circumstances the only question for Britain is which side she should join. That choice, which will not be determined by ideological affinities, but by broad national interest, must inevitably bring us in on America's side. We are bound to join America in war for the simple reason that we cannot live without America in peace. These over-crowded islands could never maintain their population except in the framework of a great maritime trading system, and that means that however many kicks we receive from America at Bretton Woods and other places, we cannot in the long run get away from her.

To all these glaring facts the Government's critics showed themselves almost malignantly blind. But they did something that was even more extraordinary. Having taxed America with all the crimes of which she is manifestly innocent, they displayed the most unexceptionable discretion in other matters concerning which she is really open to criticism. It is not true, and it seems incredible that anyone outside a lunatic asylum could believe such a thing, that America is goading Britain into an offensive war. I think

it is true, however, that American policy tends in certain matters to be guilty of a certain short-sighted intransigence, and that Britain might in certain circumstances listen to more enlightened counsels if moral pressure from America did not just turn the scale.

It is a curious fact that during the whole debate not a single mention was made of the Dardanelles, and I hold, with many others, that Britain's policy in regard to the Dardanelles is a mistaken one. It is a policy deriving from a time when circumstances were wholly different from what they are today. Britain has always resolutely opposed Russia's control of the Straits, and whether you approve or whether you don't, this was a perfectly intelligent thing to do. Britain wanted to keep Russia out of the Straits because of the strategic advantages which in time of war Russia might gain by controlling them, and what is more to the point, Britain was in a position to prevent Russia from obtaining that advantage before any shooting began. She could always rely on the tacit cooperation of a Central European land power, which could threaten Russia's flank whenever Russian troops attempted to pass over the land approaches to the Isthmus. Immediately when in 1914 Britain found herself at enmity with that Central European power, the whole policy had to be thrown overboard and a secret treaty made with Czarist Russia, granting her Constantinople as one of the prizes of war.

Today, the Central European land power has ceased to exist, and Russia has no need to march down the land approaches for she is already mistress of them. With the technique of modern airborne attack, Russia could presumably secure the Isthmus within twenty-four hours of the outbreak of hostilities. Of course, it may be said that she could always be blasted out again with atom bombs, but the atom bomb cuts both ways here. If Russia could be removed as easily as that, there seems very little harm in conceding her age-old wish, and very little point in creating needless exacerbation by denying it. What is even more to the point is that the Dardanelles are, atom bombs apart, not only physically but also largely ethically untenable; for when Russia says that her claim for the Dardanelles as a Russian sphere of influence is at least as good as that of Britain to regard the Suez Canal as a British sphere, or as that of America to regard the Panama Canal as an American sphere, it is really very difficult to answer her. Americans do not seem to see this. In Britain, a certain number of people do see it, but the need of coordinating British and American policies seems to prevent their voices from being heard.

But there is another omission which was even more staggering, and Mr. Attlee was not slow to seize on so obvious a lacuna. It seems incredible

that advocates of a sort of middle way policy of compromise should have talked themselves nearly hoarse without once mentioning the United Nations. It is nevertheless true, and it is here, as it seems to me and to many others, that American policy has suffered a tragic moral and intellectual breakdown.

What I am alluding to is the jettisoning of Sir John Boyd Orr's World Food Board and even, at least, so the matter stands at this writing, of Mr. La Guardia's extremely modest proposals for an International Food Fund. It is quite obvious that America intends to use food as an instrument of power politics. In many ways, excuses can be made. If a country shoots down your aircraft it is, I suppose, only human nature that you should be reluctant to make them large gifts of wheat and bacon. But not only will this withdrawal of American help fail to improve the situation, it is bound, in the long run, to make it a great deal worse. I do not believe the communists will love America any more however much food she hands over, but I do believe that a world organization which guaranteed every human being certain minimum essentials of diet would be an indispensable step to world unity and so to world peace.

I will not again discuss the economics of this matter, for I have already done so more than once in these columns and that in no uncertain terms. I will merely repeat my conviction, and I have never yet met anyone with a knowledge of economics who could refute it, that, so far from such a policy imposing a burden on America, it would enormously increase the prosperity of its people.

All this, however, is for the moment secondary. What matters is that a formidable and representative group should have got so far removed from the simple truth that they can see neither Russia nor America in its true perspective, and in particular that they cannot see America straight, for despite anything I may have said, I do take that to heart rather more than anything else.

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And that raises a related issue. So much is written and talked about a better understanding between Britain and America that I have recently woken up with a sort of start to the fact that extremely little is being done about it, particularly by America, who might do a great deal more than she does. Apart from what the movies tell us, we are really shockingly ignorant of America in this country. For some reason American history is hardly taught at all in our schools, though an understanding of American history is perhaps more important as a means of interpreting the contemporary scene than that of any other history, and we are utterly out of touch

with all the more important phases of American cultural life. The revaluation of the American past, for instance, by modern American historians, which is perhaps one of the most exciting current intellectual adventures, is almost entirely unknown here.

There was recently opened in London, in the building of the American Embassy, a Library of War Information, with a well-chosen but limited supply of books explaining American life and institutions. This is an admirable beginning, but it is a very small one. We could do with half a dozen such libraries in London alone. But apart from libraries, why is nothing done to make American books and magazines more easily available for would-be British purchasers? No British bookseller that I have yet discovered stocks them. One can, I believe, buy single American books through a bookseller—I have never yet done it, but shrewdly suspect that I should have to produce a birth certificate, a banker's reference and statutory declarations by two reliable witnesses as to my character, and then I would have to wait the best part of a year before I got the desired goods. Is it really beyond the wit of our two governments to come to some arrangement whereby American publishers would agree to hold sterling balances here in London and so obviate the necessity of making us draw on our slender stock of dollars, which is the root of the difficulty?

Then there is the vexed question of lecturers. I am myself lecturing three evenings a week on Current Affairs under the London County Council's adult education scheme, and frequently when I come to the conclusion that my classes have had about as much of me as they are likely to stand, I ask a guest lecturer to come and take my place. I have for months been trying to get an American lecturer to talk on some such subject as the importance of American history, and I believe, I really do believe, that a single real live American lecturer does exist somewhere in England, though I have never been able to get hold of him. When I approach the American authorities here in London, a dreamy look comes into their eyes, as though I had touched upon some fascinating piece of ancient folk lore. They tell me that their grandmother had once told them about an American lecturer in England, but he has probably now got mislaid or has died of old age. Another version has it that he was run over at the funeral of Queen Victoria. Yet when recently I wanted a lecturer on France, I rang up the French Embassy and a lecturer duly arrived at extremely short notice, and a magnificent lecture he gave us. Is it really impossible for wealthy America to do what is done by impoverished little France? We should not have one lecturer on tap here, but a dozen of them.

And the same applies the other way round.

I recently saw advertised in this very paper a book entitled "The Rape of Palestine," a copy of which has now reached me. My only comment on it is that had I not seen the thing with my own eyes, it would have been impossible for me to believe that such a publication about Britain could be produced in America, let alone that it should be read and credited. In it I see statements that men, women and children are being beaten and shot by British troops in a campaign of calculated terrorism which apparently is more or less a replica of the mass murder activities of the S.S., and the whole tone of the book is more or less on that line. It is my intention to deal with this publication at greater length in the near future, either in one of my articles or in a special letter to the Editor, which I sincerely hope he will publish. In the meantime, I will content myself with saying that a situation in which two friendly countries can be exposed to such gross mutual libels calls for an immediate remedy.

The Great Kanawha

HORACE REYNOLDS

WHEN Kaiser Wilhelm II sent his German legions into Belgium for the first World War he made the Kanawha Valley of West Virginia a great chemical center. A generation later Pearl Harbor decreed that it become one of the world's largest producers of synthetic rubber. The Valley has thus played a considerable part in the winning of two World Wars. But to one who, as a boy, has swum all a long summer's day in it until his hands were blue and washboardy, the Kanawha is something quite other than a newer American Ruhr.

The Big Kanawha to him recalls mountain men yanking out "Old Joe Clark" on the unpainted porches of Jenny Lind houses, their fiddles hugged to their hearts. It's the old row-boat ferries you summon from the opposite shore by clanging one length of iron pipe against another, which dangles from a tree on ropes. It's such picturesque monikers as Sheep Gut Branch, such place name chronicles of border warfare as Tackett's Pine.

It's the nicknames "Old Greasy" for the river which rivermen pronounce *K'noy*; "Snakes" for the men who live in its valley. It's such talk as "I want he should sell me his team"; such dialect forms as *hissself* and *little bitty*; such local pronunciations as *pin* for *pen*, and *whup* for *whip*. It's the memories of the men in blue who fought with Grant, of the men in grey who rode with Jeb Stuart and remember the songs that Sweeny sang. It's Kanawha Falls and the Mounds and the prehistoric Mound Builders which are the mythology of the valley.

Roaring and muddy in the spring, calm and blue in midsummer, cold and grey in winter, the Kanawha is a mountain river which rolls its magnificent hundred mile way from the corrugated roughness of the Alleghenies to the sweet roundness of the Ohio landscape. Its banks are high; its hills drop right down to the water's edge.

A valley is not only a culture and a way of life; it is a route. Buffalo used to push their huge way up the Kanawha Valley to the salt licks above what is now Charleston. The Indians trekked up the valley from their towns in the Ohio country to hunt the game attracted by the salt. First a buffalo trace, then an Indian trail, then a turn-pike echoing to the cheery notes of the stage horn, finally the C & O railroad and US 60, known as the Midland Trail . . . that's the route history of the Kanawha Valley. It was more difficult but shorter than the Monongahela route to the north, the Cumberland Gap road to the south. Over it came emigrants to the rich Kentucky country. Slave coffles bound for the Deep South rattled their chains westward. Eastward, Kentucky hog drovers drove their stock to the Richmond market, singing

Hog-drovers, hog-drovers, hog-drovers, we air,
A-courtin' your daughter so rare and so fair.

They were a jolly crew who swigged whiskey, scraped the fiddle, roared out Negro melodies, and staged bull dances by the light of camp fires.

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Industry marks a valley. The salt ovens stripped all the timber from the hills, built an ugly series of sheds along both sides of the river above Charleston, filled the valley with the smoke of their wood fires. It also filled the river with boats and boatmen who flat-boated the strong red salt from Kanawha Licks down the river to the West. It also branded the people. It bred the violent way of life which has made West Virginia the wildest as well as the newest of the eastern states. Both the salt workers and the boatmen were a lawless, ribald crew; and the coal miners, the oil well diggers, and the lumbermen who followed them weren't exactly sissies. For all its high buildings Charleston today still breathes the air of a mining camp town.

Men have man-marked the river as well as the land. Over a hundred years ago the State built wing dams and sluices and chiseled out the chutes at Redhouse Shoal and at other shallow spots. Later the Federal Government built on the Kanawha the first wicket dams in America. A new system of four locks and dams now furnishes the Kanawha with a nine foot channel. The first time I came up the river after the new dams were built and in operation, I asked Captain Jesse Hughes, who operated the last Kanawha River packet, what he thought of the New Kanawha.

I got a riverman's answer "Well, the first pool looks like it used to look when the Ohio was high. The second pool looks like it used to look when the Ohio was in flood. And the rivers stays thataway. The bars don't come out in hot weather any more." Now the river is controlled, broken and harnessed, not the wild thing it used to be.

From the primitivism of pioneering to the sophistication of modern industrialism in three generations is quick development. It has meant sudden wealth without steadying tradition. The result has sometimes been tragedy and social waste. This quick development also has meant the mushrooming of folk heroes. In the old country it took hundreds of years to make a Robin Hood. Anne Bailey, whom the Shawnees called "The White Squaw of the Kanawha," was a legend before she died. And so was Daniel Boone.

The Kanawha River recalls the steady breathing of towboats pushing large fleets of barges ahead of them, their stern wheels like moving water falls behind them. It's a ribbon of people picking their way down the clay bank to Billy Bryant's Showboat, while the calliope shrills out "In the Good Old Summer Time." It's tent shows, circuses and carnivals playing the towns, fossils of show business buried in the Kanawha hills.

It's boys fishing for buffalo perch and blue cat in the river and hunting ripe pawpaws in the hills. It's the pink of the red bud, the white of hawthorn and dogwood, the deep green of a field of corn in the bottom lands.

It's scrambled eggs, country ham, fried apples, and hot biscuit for breakfast. It's sleighing out to the Littlepages' for eggnog on New Year's Day. It's the love of talk and fellowship, the highly developed social sense of the friendly South manifesting itself in song and story: Hum Houston singing "Old Bob Ridley," and Riley Wilson telling of the antics of Jim Sizemore in "Reach Me the Tin."

It's absent-minded Joe Cilton throwing his hat in the fire and spitting tobacco juice on the bed. It's goateed Governor MacCorkle dining off his gold plates in his pillared mansion on the hill. It's a mixture of Southern charm, Western energy, and Eastern capital and skills. It's the River of the Woods, the Land of the Cohoes. It's West-by God-Virginia, Sir!

Communications

A CORRECTION

THROUGH an unfortunate oversight, it was not stated in THE COMMONWEAL for December 13 that the translation of the article by Alfred Missonig in that issue was made by Robert Fabian and Janet Brassert.—THE EDITORS.

AMERICAN AUTHORS AUTHORITY

DEAR EDITORS I AM DEEPLY SHOCKED BY HARRY BINSSE'S SCANDALOUS FOOTNOTE IN DECEMBER THIRTEENTH ISSUE PAGE TWO HUNDRED TWENTY NINE AND I CALL UPON COMMONWEAL FORMALLY TO DISAVOW IT PROMPTLY AND PROMINENTLY. IT IS ONE THING FOR FARRELL TO SOUND OFF LIKE THIS. HIS SPECIAL POINT OF VIEW ON HOLLYWOOD IS WELL KNOWN AND DISCOUNTED ACCORDINGLY. BUT IT IS SOMETHING ELSE WHEN COMMONWEAL'S MANAGING EDITOR CHOOSES TO HURL THE ADJECTIVE PSYCHOPATHIC AT THOSE SCREEN WRITERS WHO HAPPEN TO DISAGREE WITH HIM OVER AMERICAN AUTHORS AUTHORITY. THIS IS DELIBERATE AND UNWARRANTED SLANDER. PLEASE ADVISE AT ONCE WHAT YOU ARE PREPARED TO DO ABOUT IT.

EMMET LAVERY.

NOTHING.—*The Editors.*

ANGLICANS AND REUNION

Cambridge, Mass.

TO the Editors: Recently an Englishman, a university professor, well versed in the history, theology and liturgy of his church, the Anglo-Catholic, asked me what plans the Roman Catholics were making in England, the Dominions, and the United States, in case of a possible large-scale accession of Anglo-Catholics to the Roman Church because of their opposition to the projected union of the Anglican Church with the Presbyterians. I replied that such a policy would be formulated by the ecclesiastical authorities, and so far as I knew none had been announced. However, it was my personal belief that these authorities would follow the traditional attitude of the English Catholic hierarchy in opposing any corporate reunion, and would insist that the Anglo-Catholics be treated as converts from Protestantism.

The professor answered that the stumbling block for the Anglicans was the question of orders, since they held to the validity of theirs, and considered themselves in the same relation to the Roman Church as the separated churches of the East, accepting all the earlier but not certain of the later councils. Reunion with the Roman Catholics, therefore, should be on a basis of maintaining their corporate nature, preferably by being granted some degree of autonomy, which would prevent a Latinization of their traditional and much-cherished rite, and quiet their fears of being absorbed by the centralizing tendencies of the Latin Church.

Unless there were a corporate reunion, or at least a large-scale accession of Anglicans at one particular time, thus giving them bargaining power, the Roman Catholic authorities would grant no recognition to their demands. Pointing out that there was a liturgical movement in Europe and the United States to have Mass celebrated in the vernacular, which, if followed through, would mean a continuation of the Anglican rite, this professor felt that this would be one of the strongest factors not only attracting Anglicans to the Catholic Church, but also rendering their adjustment more easy. This, he con-

cluded, should not prove too great a difficulty since the Holy See, to bridge the gap between the Catholics and the Orthodox in Yugoslavia, had granted the use of the vernacular there in April, 1921.

The question, admittedly, is confusing. In the first place any corporate reunion would depend on the validity of Anglican orders. But since the days of Mary Tudor, when the two popes Julius III and Paul IV condemned the orders based on the Edwardine Ordinal of 1552, on which the subsequent Elizabethan Book of Common Prayer was based, the Catholic Church has consistently declared the English Church's rite invalid. The final decision undoubtedly was the bull, *Quanta Curae*, issued by Pope Leo XIII on September 13, 1896, which stated that in the Anglican rite due matter and form were lacking in the ceremonies ordaining their priests and bishops.

Though such Anglican leaders as the late Lord Halifax, father of the recent ambassador to the United States, continued after *Quanta Curae* to hope for a reversal of Leo's decision, as it determined a question of discipline, not of doctrine, they received no encouragement from the Catholic authorities, and the discussions for a corporate reunion between Lord Halifax and the Belgian Cardinal Mercier in 1921 and 1923 came to nothing.

The number of Anglicans who might join the Catholic Church if the Presbyterian merger takes place would certainly be difficult to determine. Undoubtedly there will be some who, due to theological difficulties, inherited prejudices, or force of habits and sympathies, will remain with the English Church no matter what its course. And others will hesitate, at least for a time, to think their way clearly through such obstacles as reconciling the traditional Anglican interpretation of "Catholic" with the Roman Catholic interpretation, and the question of the position and prerogatives of the pope. Still others will have to overcome inherited prejudices based on a dislike of certain institutions and practices of the Catholic Church. A few will have to conquer a bias directed against various races and nations. And quite prevalent among many Anglicans is a widespread fear of anti-intellectualism and obscurantism in the Catholic Church, due especially to the *Index* and to the attitude of many Catholics towards civil liberties in general, and in particular towards religious toleration. The whole problem of the relation of the Catholic Church to the authoritarian states, especially towards the present régimes in Spain and Portugal, is a very important stumbling block.

The core, actually, of the whole question is, I believe, the convictions most Anglicans hold that their submission to Rome will be of a particularly degrading nature. This is not altogether unfounded. Too frequently Catholics, blessed with an understanding of truth, declare that those who are not in agreement with them are "insincere" and "proud," a shallow and uncharitable judgment of those who, with the best of intentions, are encountering stumbling blocks and pitfalls in groping after truth. And all too many Catholics tend to interpret "humility" to mean a degrading debasement of one's proper self respect and dignity, especially when it is a question of admitting having made an error. And it is a fear of such a humiliat-

ing submission which fills the Anglicans, so respectful of their own traditions, their liturgy, and their intellectual life, with a sense of dread at a union with Rome. For to them the union means complementing what is lacking in their own church, rather than repudiating all the good in their past as if discolored by the defects.

Even with the best of will, however, Catholics cannot remove all causes of criticisms and all hardships of adjustment adequately—that is beyond human expectation. What is needed on both sides is a spirit of charity and of mutual forbearance, with a realization that the attitude of the Anglican convert must be a slow process of the fusion of divine grace, hard thinking, and the passage of time. And this means that Catholics must awake from the lethargy that has made them indifferent to, or ignorant of, the problems facing converts, and suspicious of anyone or anything that has not been formed in what they consider to be a Catholic *milieu*.

WILLIAM R. TRIMBLE.

RESOLUTION ON SPAIN

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: Congratulations on your editorial of December 13 for its thoroughly honest and forthright approval of the United States resolution on Franco Spain submitted last week at Lake Success. If this resolution "represents the beginning of something new . . . an attempted step along a new positive . . . way to rid Spain and ourselves of Franco and at the same time protect our access to the Mediterranean," our delegates have moved decisively towards a truly realistic Spanish policy, i.e. one that it grounded upon a recognition of genuine American interests in that area. . . .

The editorial, right as it is in its broad view of the factors shaping American policy, seems to me to reveal a confusion of thinking when it sees "hypocrisy" in the omission from the American resolution on Spain of a condemnation of the equally unrepresentative and unfree régimes in Poland, Yugoslavia, and Roumania. Surely it does not imply approval of these régimes to recognize a basic difference between the facts molding our policy towards Spain and those influencing our policy towards the three Russian satellite governments. The Polish, Yugoslav, and Roumanian leaders now in power fought *with the Allies* against the common enemy [? the Editors]; General Franco, it is now known beyond any doubt, pledged himself in writing to enter the war alongside Germany and Japan when he had accumulated resources adequate for the purpose and did in fact give material aid to the German war machine by shipping wolfram to Germany and by providing Spanish ports in which German submarines could refuel and undertake necessary repairs.

The condemnation of the Franco Government which the General Assembly has adopted, together with the partial severance in diplomatic relations, constitutes a clear declaration to the Spanish people that if they wish to return to the family of European and American nations as a member of the U.N., they must rid themselves of the dictator-general and the government which gave aid

to the powers which attempted by force to uproot that family and supplant it with the "New Order" proclaimed in "Mein Kampf."

There need be no qualms about American acceptance of this resolution, nor any cause to fear hypocrisy on our part, once it is understood that this condemnation is aimed originally and primarily against the pro-Nazi actions and expressed sympathies of the Franco régime. That this régime in its domestic policies has shown itself to be totalitarian, unrepresentative, and contemptuous of individual liberties will of course strengthen the adherence of many Americans and other Allied nationals to the U.N. resolution. But they should recognize that the latter actions are not the real basis of the American position. For American policy in Spain, as in Argentina, is comprehensible only when we recognize that it is based on the distinction which we had to make between the *internal* and *external* actions of the Spanish Government. Great as is the distaste with which Americans look upon dictatorship, one-party government, and the accompanying disregard for personal liberties, they can also discern that these shackles on Spanish domestic freedoms will not automatically be removed by the intervention of foreign powers. We are bound, at least in principle, by the promise given in the Atlantic Charter to respect "the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live." Before we, or any of our allies in World War II, can effectively intervene to secure the domestic freedoms now denied the Spaniards, the Spanish resistance forces, both inside and outside the country, will need to show a greater measure of agreement among themselves as to what form of government they desire and how they propose to choose it. Meantime, as Mr. Lippmann has pointed out, we have taken a step to show these forces of resistance that we are ready to assist them in cleaning out their oppressor but that, by refraining from a complete break in trade and diplomatic relations, we intend, if possible, to achieve this result without plunging them into privation and civil war.

HENRY P. TUNMORE.

CANCER HOSPITALS

Savannah, Ga.

TO the Editors: You will be pleased, I am sure, to have your attention called to an erroneous claim made in the ad of the National Cancer Foundation which appeared on the back cover of your November 22 issue. They claim that there is not a single hospital anywhere devoted exclusively to the care of cancer patients who may be beyond the help of medical science. This is not true. In Atlanta, Ga., the Dominican Sisters of the Community founded by Rose Hawthorne have such a hospital. I understand that they have others, also, including Hawthorne hospital in New York. But, even if the hospital in Atlanta is the only one of its kind, the claim of the ad would be false.

The purpose of the Foundation is a noble one. But their noble ambitions should not blind them to the contributions that have been made to the same noble purpose by other groups.

REV. WALTER J. DONOVAN.

The Screen

Treat for Discriminators

AT YEAR'S END, as if to say farewell to 1946 with a bang or welcome 1947 with a crash, three first-rate films arrived to grace our screens. Because each of the pictures was made in a different country, and because each has an expensive, tasteful production with a good cast, it is interesting to compare them. Audiences will of course have their preference, but all will agree that the three films are outstanding. To start with the imports—

From France comes "*Les Enfants du Paradis*," which has frequently been likened to our "*Gone with the Wind*." Perhaps to Europeans, who are showing great enthusiasm over this film, the likeness is striking. Certainly in its excessive length, vast panoramic scale and beautiful photography (though not in technicolor), this 1840 period piece is like "*G.W.T.W.*" But in its themes and lack of unity, "*Les Enfants*" is quite different from the American historical picture which managed, in spite of its length, to tell an integrated story adding up to a whole. "*Les Enfants*," with its many characters, sprawls all over the place and ends (just as it began several hours earlier) with almost nothing decided.

But what happens from beginning to end is fascinating to watch. A large group of characters, mainly actors, thieves and cut-throats, wander in and out of a formless plot that takes place in and out of the theaters lining the "Boulevard of Crime" in Paris. Under Marcel Carne's skillful direction, the action runs the gamut of crime and passion; but, as in so many French films, characterization is the chief attraction as we see these people live, laugh, suffer and, in some cases, die. Jacques Prevert's script is exceedingly well acted by a notable cast, at the head of which Jean-Louis Barrault gives a performance reminiscent of Chaplin at his best. As the pantomimist who rises to the top of his profession but loses the woman with whom he has long been in love, Barrault creates a deeply stirring figure in the laugh-clown-laugh tradition. Many other names should be praised in Carne's cast, and so should many examples of his direction—in short sequences that are artistically staged and in the large scenes in which mobs are handled expertly.

As to what the film on a whole is saying, I am not sure. Perhaps the key is to be found in the comment of one of the actors on "Othello," "It is a stupid, sad story like yours or mine." Or perhaps the key is in the character played by Arletty who, looking very much like the Mona Lisa, says "I always smile," and then she runs away from the frustrated pantomimist who is caught at the finale in a surging holiday crowd. The vagueness of theme in "*Les Enfants*" may be intentional, like the tone of cynicism that prevails. Or it may be due to bad editing. For American audiences, the film has been cut to two hours and 40 minutes, given English subtitles and will be known as "*Children of Paradise*"—a title that refers to the audience in the peanut gallery and to you and to me who, if we are adults, can watch with pleasure this passing drama on a stage called the world.

From England comes "*Stairway to Heaven*," a picture much warmer in spirit than the French import and with a wider appeal. It was written, produced and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, a couple of men who know cinema well and are willing to experiment. This experiment, daring in production and satire, has been beautifully executed. Its good photography includes technicolor for the earthly scenes, and a dyemono-chrome for the heavenly sequences. And whether its story is fantasy or reality is for you to decide. When Peter Carter (David Niven), an English flier, baled out of his burning plane without a parachute, his number was called in Heaven; and when he did not appear up there, Conductor No. 77 was sent to get him. But Peter has in the meantime landed safely contrary to the laws of nature; and since he has fallen in love with an American WAC (Kim Hunter) he pleads with the Conductor to be allowed to stay on earth. Later while Peter undergoes brain surgery, his case is tried in the Courts of Heaven. The prosecuting attorney (Raymond Massey), who happens to have been the first American killed by a British bullet in the Revolutionary War, argues that Peter should die; while a recently deceased doctor (Roger Livesey), as the counsel for defense, contends that Peter should live. The jury (consisting of Irish, Chinese, Indian, Boer, etc.) is obviously biased against the English; but the whole case depends on a tear drop and a proof of love between Peter and the WAC.

Although the validity of the argument in the trial scene does not bear too close scrutiny, this film is actually a delight from start to finish. It is done with imagination and ingenuity; and it is full of adult surprises. If you prefer to consider the supernatural events as happening only in Peter's handsome head, you may do so; and you will find "*Stairway to Heaven*" makes "*Lady in the Dark*" look like child's play. Or if you prefer to consider all the events realistically taking place as you see them, you will still enjoy this extraordinary picture.

It is interesting that the third good film this week, an American production, is also a fantasy. You can believe as much or as little of its story as you like, but I defy you not to be moved by "*It's A Wonderful Life*." Producer-director Frank Capra is another film-maker who knows his business; and in this, his first picture since the war, he uses cinema like a master in proving his film's title. At times the sentiment get a little thick and you may resent having tears sneak down your cheek, but you'll glow over the heart-warming story. In this movie, too, an angel comes down from Heaven—but for a much different reason. He's a guardian angel (delightfully played by Henry Travers as a second-class one because he hasn't won his wings yet) who descends to save George Bailey from suicide. A long flashback reveals why George is rushing to the river. During his whole life in an upstate New York town, George's ambition to get away has been thwarted. He has always sacrificed himself. As a boy he became partially deaf while rescuing his brother. His trip to Europe, his plans for college, and even his honeymoon were cut off because George was needed at the Building and Loan Company which he and

a few other men ran for the benefit of the little people who owned their own homes. But on this Christmas Eve everything goes wrong, and at last the town's greedy millionaire (Lionel Barrymore in an excellent performance as an American Scrooge) seems to have the upper hand. And when George wishes he'd never been born, his guardian angel shows him what would have happened if George had never lived.

The lessons in this picture are obvious, and if Capra hadn't made such good lively entertainment from them, they would appear pedantic. But through Capra's brilliant direction of a well-written script, through James Stewart's extraordinarily fine performance (particularly in the later scenes as the desperate man) and through the many realistic and homely sequences of small-town behavior, "*It's A Wonderful Life*" has been fashioned into an outstanding example of Americana in which humor, sentiment and good showmanship work well together. Donna Reed as George's wife, Thomas Mitchell as his uncle, Beulah Bondi as his mother and many more deserve credit for their performances. But Capra and Stewart merit cheers for their parable about poor George Bailey who was actually the richest man in town.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Betrayal?

WILLIAM J. CASEY

FOR SHEER dramatic value, the strange Yugoslav story of surrender, revolution and then unexpected, if shortlived, resistance to the nazi military machine at the peak of its power—the strategic value of this hopeless battle in delaying the German attack to the east by six weeks, enough to save Moscow and perhaps Russia by bringing winter to the support of a battered Red Army—the fantastic jumble of guerrilla warfare against the occupying Germans and Italians, nationalistic civil war between Croats and Serbs, ideologic civil war between the communists and a peasant traditionalist resistance—the dramatic rise of Tito and the tragic fall of Mihailovich. This incredibly complicated bit of history is remarkably and convincingly penetrated by David Martin, a Canadian journalist, who has clearly done an enormous amount of digging for facts and documentation. In herently, it's a fascinating story* and it's well told. There are spots which are not easy going, but it's worth hanging on. A few of the rewards might be singled out for mention.

There is a reasonably clear picture of how a Croat minority perpetrated the Ustashi massacres on half a million Serbs, how the Serbs tended to blame all Croats, how Croats, in fear of Serb vengeance, turned to their fellow-Croat Tito who skilfully played up Mihailovich as the bearer of Serb vengeance, how the German played to the Croat, the Italians, to the Serb in their side game for position in Yugoslavia, how the Croatian Catholic Church was dragged in by each side for propaganda value. Mr. Martin makes it clear that the higher clergy in Croatia and the Vatican made efforts on behalf of the Serbs and were not responsible for forced conversions.

The heat of the struggle between Tito's Partisans and

* *Ally Betrayed*. David Martin. Prentice-Hall. \$3.50.

Mihailovich's Chetniks was heightened by the large number of former Ustashi officials who turned up in Tito's army and the story gives new insight into the ease with which the brown totalitarian can and did make a switch to red totalitarianism as soon as it became clear which way the spectrum would turn.

Particularly valuable is the insight into how policy is made at highest national levels. The great irony is that Churchill, who most clearly foresaw the dangers of Russian expansion through Eastern and Southern Europe, should be the first to give sanction and recognition to a movement which placed Russia on the Adriatic and which first saw the light of day from radio station "Free Yugoslavia" located not in Yugoslavia but in Tiflis in the Russian Caucasus. Between that and Churchill's subsequent rueful admission that he was "deceived and badly informed" is an object lesson in how minor officials who control the channels of information and propaganda can really make policy. Mr. Martin's story shows Roosevelt and even Churchill making decisions on the most superficial knowledge and understanding of the facts of life inside Festung Europe, and the spectacle of intelligence officers and propaganda officials changing reports and selecting information in line with their own ideas or in the notion that their intelligence reports should conform to a policy laid down at highest levels.

Of particular value also is the understanding of how resistance and guerrilla activity works, which Mr. Martin brings to the charges that Mihailovich dealt with the enemy. He points out that every resistance movement in Europe lived by some dealings with the enemy, that more than one resistance leader working inside a puppet government, faced with the alternative of destroying the value of his position to the resistance cause or denouncing another member of the resistance movement, had to choose the latter in the interest of the larger cause. Merely because Mihailovich traded 50 German prisoners for several thousand rounds of German ammunition did not mean that he did not later try to kill more than 50 Germans with their own ammunition. One of Mihailovich's best cards was the rivalry between the Germans and the Italians for domination of the Adriatic, and any resistance movement would have continually played the one against the other. In the case of the Italians this was accentuated by the fact that the Italians gave protection to the Serbs fleeing from the Ustashi massacre.

Another fine and frequently overlooked point which Mr. Martin brings out nicely is the fact that leadership in the guerrilla movement has a continuing responsibility to the native population and that the matter of timing is essential to effective resistance. Mihailovich and Tito were playing on different ball teams. Tito's main interest was immediate relief for the Russians and he had little if any concern for the number of Yugoslavs who would be taken in retaliation for any little pin prick he could give the Germans. Which was the more appropriate strategy might be debated, but the fact remains that Mihailovich pursued a different kind of strategy and had a different kind of a force. Tito had a small mobile force, whereas Mihailovich had his greatest strength in a land army made up of peasants who would fight in their own particular province but an army which, like much of Washington's Continental Army, could not easily be moved over the length and breadth of a nationwide battle arena. Just as the great task in working

with the French Maquis was to insure that they conserved their strength for one great effort, Mihailovich followed a strategy designed to husband and build up resources for two or three efforts which would really count. The story of Yugoslavia's resistance shows that this paid off—in the national uprising which perhaps saved Moscow, and the great uprising of 1942 which cut off the major supply artery to Rommel and perhaps saved Suez. From that time on, Mr. Martin tells us, Mihailovich pursued a strategy of preparing for one more great effort, in coordination with an Anglo-American landing in the Balkans or the invasion of Serbia by the Red Army. Again on the question of trading with the enemy, Martin recites instance after instance where Mihailovich's forces were engaged in battle with the Germans only to sustain a flank or a rear attack from a band of Tito's partisans.

Mr. Martin also goes beyond the story of the rescue of Allied airmen given refuge by the Chetniks to tell how American officers at the Mihailovich headquarters in 1943 were taken out by orders coming down from the Roosevelt-Churchill level. He raises the question as to whether the proper American policy at that time should not have been to have representation in both Chetnik and Partisan camps, since both did represent forces to be used against the Germans, both constituted valuable sources of information as to what was going on on the enemy side of the line, and particularly since the Mihailovich territory represented an important base for the rescue of Allied fliers shot down in raiding the Ploesti oil fields and other points in central Europe.

All in all, in unthreading a complicated and important situation and providing insight into the politics of fighting World War II, David Martin has made a first-rate contribution.

More Books of the Week

The Portable Blake. Selected by Alfred Kazin. Viking. \$2.00.

THIS WORK is good value indeed. It is in the most delightful, chunky, format, comfortable to hold, and beautifully printed. It contains much of Blake that is often missed—great, satisfying extracts from the Prophetic books, ample selections from the letters, the whole vision of the Last Judgment, the Everlasting Gospel, and admirable selections from "A Descriptive Catalogue," 21 reproductions of the Job engravings, and Crabb Robinson's recollections.

But Mr. Kazin has, it would seem, misplaced his 55-page introduction. It is confusing to start the reader off with a comparison between Blake and Beethoven, who, except for the first initial of their names, and the fact that they were both "plebeian Europeans of supreme originality, who died in the same year," seem to have had absolutely nothing in common. And it does not seem clear why it should be "part of the story of Blake's isolation from the European culture of his time that he could have known of Beethoven?"

And to say that "Christian mysticism is based upon mortification of the body so absolute that it attains a condition of ecstasy" is inaccurate: the Indian fakir so bases his mysticism, but neither yoga, nor any Jewish, Muslim or Christian mysticism has ever approved such

masochistic means, much less based anything upon them. Nor does Mr. Kazin make his point that Blake was not a mystic because he was against all belief in sin. For, to Crabb Robinson, Blake said that some of Wordsworth's poems were from the devil, because Wordsworth believed in "natural piety" and this could not be, because the natural man is at enmity with God, and "every man has a devil in himself and the conflict between his self and God is perpetually going on."

In contrasting Blake the revolutionary with the mystics, Mr. Kazin says that "mystics are absent-minded reactionaries: they accept indifferently everything in the world except the barriers that physical existence presents to the soul's inner quest." He surely forgets Catherine of Siena, Joan of Arc, Thomas More and Peter Claver, to name only a few? Mr. Kazin is at his best in his textual discussion of the poems of Innocence and of Experience, and is magnificent on "Tyger Tyger burning bright."

It is surely rather contradictory of Mr. Kazin to say "in short, Blake was not looking for God. He shared in the mystics' quest, but he was not going the same way," yet to go on to cite "Blake's faith that

we are put on earth a little space
That we may learn to bear the beams of love

and

If the sun and moon should doubt
They'd immediately go out."

Nor does Mr. Kazin substantiate his attack on Blake's relationship with his wife any better than he does his attack on Blake's relationship with his God. Catherine, he admits, was an ideal wife "of whom Blake made an adoring servant and then found that he longed for a woman." But neither Crabb Robinson's reminiscences, as given here, nor any one of Blake's letters, nor anything Mr. Kazin states, bears out this statement. There is no reason to suppose that Blake was any less polygamous by nature than any other normal man, but whatever "satisfied desire" can contribute to man's happiness, or an ideal marriage can add to life, surely Catherine and William's marriage gave them both. No wife certainly ever had paid her a lovelier tribute than Blake's verses on sex, or his warm appreciation of its power. Mr. Kazin's stimulating essay were better perhaps, placed, or in the middle, or at the end, than at the beginning of this collection: the reader would then neither skip it—which would be a pity—nor arrive at Blake himself stained by Mr. Kazin's dogmatic views or strained by them.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

Together. Katherine Tupper Marshall. Tupper and Love. \$3.50.

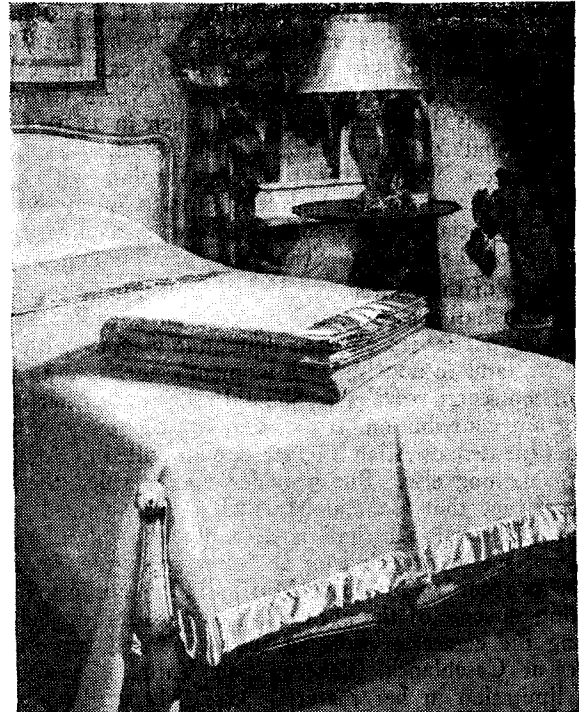
GENERAL George Marshall is probably the first chief of staff of anybody's army—at least since the coming of the rotary press—who has renounced the joy of writing his memoirs. Mrs. Marshall hasn't attempted to do the job for him, yet she has accomplished, without violating the General's reason for post-war silence (his knowledge of people and events is, he believes, too intimate for publication) what she set out to do: furnish a readable household picture of the General that will be of use to anyone who happens to be wondering about him, in a research way, at some time in the future.

Katherine Tupper Brown was a widow with three children and Lt. Col. Marshall was a widower when they first met at a party in Columbus, Georgia, some time

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seminary and school because of the war but even to give up their regular community life for the time being. It was then that Bishop Rouchouse of Chengtu offered these in 1928. Two years later they were married in Baltimore, and twenty-four hours after the ceremony Mrs. Marshall was established in Fort Benning, Georgia, struggling with the inviolate social dogma of the Officers' Guide. During the next eight years she became thoroughly acquainted with reception lines, calling cards, and army camps from Fort Moultrie, in North Carolina to Fort Lewis, in Washington, and when in 1939, General Marshall was appointed Chief-of-Staff, she moved into Quarters No. 1 at Fort Myers, Virginia with a lot more assurance than she had felt in 1930 when she became the social representative of the Assistant Commandant of the Infantry School at Fort Benning.

As wife of the American Chief-of-Staff during the war, Mrs. Marshall was expected to stage an unending series of garden parties, to christen doughnut wagons with enthusiasm, and to nourish, at a moment's notice, any number of top secret travelers. She did all that, but her most important contribution to the war, in addition to giving a son (Lieutenant Allen Tupper Brown, killed at Anzio), was something else. She provided and guarded the off-duty privacy that General Marshall said he valued most of all. General Marshall is not an anecdotal man; he does not smoke or drink on an impressive scale, and his *mots*, as recorded by Mrs. Marshall, are not nearly so flashing as some of the phrases his co-workers left behind among the cigarette stubs on the abandoned conference tables at Casablanca, Teheran and Yalta. Because of this limitation in her material Mrs. Marshall's picture of the General during his infrequent home hours is not the most rollicking personal history of the Second World War, but it is a fine study of that brand of Puritan-military personal discipline, leavened with a controlled amount of folk sentiment, which has been historically most useful to the United States.

As the General would want her to be, Mrs. Marshall has been exceedingly discreet concerning any of the large issues that she knows a thing or two about. One of the few great moments that she does up in detail is so important, however, that I feel it should be widely reproduced. The time, as far as I can make out (Mrs. Marshall is not entirely clear on this point) was the winter of 1939-40. General Marshall was in conference with several unnamed generals. Colonel (now General and Ambassador) Bedell Smith pushed open the door of General Marshall's office, saw the unnamed generals, and, in proper subordinate style, retreated. General Marshall recalled him and told him to state his business. Colonel Smith stated his business. And then:

General Marshall: "Did you go over the plans thoroughly?"

Colonel Smith: "Yes, Sir."

General Marshall: "What was your reaction?"

Colonel Smith: "That he has a find."

General Marshall: "Well, that is enough for me. Order one."

Colonel Smith: "But, General, one car is not sufficient for a test, we should have at least fifteen."

General Marshall: "Can you find the money, Smith?"

Colonel Smith: "Yes, they will cost about \$12,000."

General Marshall: "Very well. Do it."

And that, according to Mrs. Marshall, was the birth of that uncomfortable but extremely durable symbol of American democracy—the jeep.

JOHN BRODERICK.

Stars and Atoms Have No Size. A. M. Sullivan. Dutton. \$2.75.

FROM the roar of engines and blast furnaces come new poems from Mr. Sullivan. They are observations of a quiet mind—concerning the marvels of science and industry. And they are marked by the approach of the observer. Looking at, rather than from his field, the poet lacks, as a whole warmth, or shall we say wings, in his work.

Yet there is much of interest in these poems. The writer leads on to the rim of wonder, "marks its size," as he says in one of his poems about a microscope. The core of all his poetry is this—and the limit. For there is the drawback of the observer, always the man a little apart from his material.

At times, surely, he does explore the realm of wonder with refreshing suggestibility. Describing the magic of a sextant, he writes:

Lost with the churn of the wheel
And the glow of the phosphor wick
Is the ship that fades in the mist
But the sailor has learned the trick
Of steering home with a star
At the end of a golden stick.

One is brought to marvel at the machines men have fashioned themselves, through his verse. He can speak of overwhelming matters and, at times, sew them down in an almost pedantic way. For instance, the poem from which the book takes its title:

Stars and atoms have no size
They only vary in men's eyes.
Men and instruments will blunder
Calculating things of wonder.
A seed has just as huge a world
As any ball the sun has hurled.

One wishes his words had more of the precision and steel of the tools he describes. A little of T. S. Eliot would perhaps not hurt. When he does whip his words into images the poem takes life. There are lines, but it is uneven writing. The best is good poetry. "Question," "Two against Seven" and "Beyond" stick in my mind.

ANN HUNTER.

Country Jake. Charles B. Driscoll. Macmillan. \$3.00.

THE Joys and especially the agonies of a turn-of-the-century boyhood in rural Kansas are the subject of this able autobiography. Mr. Driscoll's parents were Ireland-born, his schoolmates aggressively anti-Irish. Some of the chapters dealing with his most poignant experiences are prefaced with youthful meditations in which appropriate biblical verses and other liturgical texts are skilfully interwoven; they are extremely moving. And as a whole "Country Jake" flows along with apparent spontaneity and naturalness. An attractive book.

The Inner Forum

Chinese and Western Cultural Institute

IN THE City Chengtu, Szechwan, West China—between Chungking and the border of Tibet—the Benedictines have founded a new inter-cultural institute, at the request of Bishop Rouchouse of Chengtu. Its object is twofold: to make Western civilization better known to the Chinese and Chinese civilization better known to Westerners, so as to create a deep cultural understanding between our two peace-loving peoples.

Among the departments in which this new educational institution will be active are: ethnology, fine arts, history, languages and literature, journalism, music, philosophy and social science. Expression will be given to the findings of the institute through lectures, a cultural magazine, a weekly newspaper in both English and Chinese (this last will come somewhat later) a library and study club open—as the lectures—to the Chinese public. The magazine in question will be called the *China Correspondent*.

Reverend Thaddeus Yang, O.S.B., who has been in this country with headquarters at St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., enlisting American support for this undertaking, is a convert to Catholicism. After his studies in several European universities which brought him a doctorate in political science he became a monk of the Abbey of St. Andrew in Belgium, from which he was sent to the monastery founded in Szechwan, China by this community. He estimates that with an annual income of \$10,000 the first and five most crucial years of the institute can be assured.

"For more than 2,000 years Chengtu, the capital of Szechwan province, has been the accepted cultural and religious center of West China, and its pre-eminence has been recognized as second only to Peking. It is the home of a number of universities and colleges and has been noted for centuries as the center of Buddhist monastic life.

Buddhist monasteries dot the countryside throughout the Szechwan province . . . Chengtu is the logical center in which to establish an institution dedicated to the exchange of cultural values between China and the West . . . The Benedictines are ideally fitted to establish and develop such an institution not only because of their long tradition as custodians and shapers of Western culture, but because their religious life, so similar in many outward forms to Buddhist monastic life tends to win for them the immediate and sympathetic attention of the educated Chinese."

The Benedictines here come from the Monastery of St. Peter and St. Andrew, which was founded at Sishan, Szechwan at the request of Archbishop Celso Constantini, the first Apostolic Delegate to China, in 1929. Among the first establishments of that monastery were a free dispensary for the pagan families in the neighborhood and a school for their children. In 1936 a seminary was built to train the future priests of the Vicariate of Shunking. When four years later the Germans overran Belgium and cut off the main source of the funds for this monastery, six priests from the seminary had been ordained and a number of families had become Catholics. By 1943 the Benedictines were forced not only to close both their seminary and school because of the war but even to give up their regular community life for the time being. It



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To revive you, two of our books have just come down in price, and two of our best books at that. **GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON** by Maisie Ward, published at \$4.50 is now \$3.00, and **THE JUDGMENT OF THE NATIONS** by Christopher Dawson, originally \$2.50 is now \$1.50. Both books have handsome new jackets, and neither has the terrible words "Cheap Edition" printed on it. We have been told about that before.

A TESTIMONIAL TO GRACE by Avery Dulles (\$1.50), which to our horror went out of stock just before Christmas will be in stock again in three weeks at the most. Be patient, it's worse for us than for you.

Heaven knows it was not our fault (or the reviewers) if your Christmas presents did not include the **ILLUSTRATED NEW TESTAMENT** in Msgr. Knox's translation. But if so, and if you are one of those who feel richer after Christmas than before, perhaps you can remedy the matter. No better \$5.00's worth was ever offered, if we do say so ourselves.

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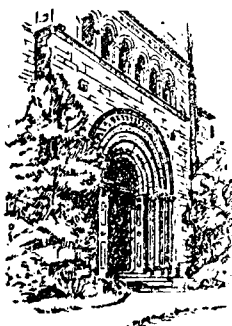
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was then that Bishop Rouchouse of Chengtu offered these Benedictine Fathers a temporary house with the suggestion that they look into the possibilities of a new Benedictine foundation which would work among the great numbers of university professors and students who had taken refuge at Chengtu from various places occupied by the Japanese.

The project was soon endorsed by a number of the Chinese bishops and has since then enlisted the sponsorship of several American bishops and twelve American Benedictine abbots. Abbot Alcuin Deutsch of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., is in charge of collecting funds for the foundation in this country. Among the first to make personal donations to the Institute were Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, who also promised further encouragement and support. The key importance of this enterprise may be gathered from the fact that although Christianity was introduced into Szechwan as early as the sixteenth century there is not a single Catholic institution of higher learning in this entire province of 50,000,000 souls, while the Order of St. Benedict is the only contemplative-active Order represented in Szechwan. The city of Chengtu itself is experiencing a remarkable Buddhist intellectual revival partly because of the monks of "Tse Pei Ssu" (Merciful Monastery), "a vast establishment a few miles away from Chengtu where hundreds of 'novices and clerics' from different places receive their religious and intellectual training."

The official and handsome brochure on the Chinese and Western Cultural Institute sent out by St. John's Abbey, in order to enlist American memberships, says of the city of Chengtu that "it is an ideal location from which to propagate Christian philosophy and ideals."

In addition to the funds needed to assure the continuance and expansion of this new institute Abbot Alcuin of St. John's is also trying to build up a library of useful reference books in English for Chengtu. The library at present contains from 10,000 to 15,000 volumes, mostly in Latin, French and Chinese. Although books in English on almost any subject would be useful in China, there is a special demand in this library for "dictionaries, encyclopedias, the complete works of great American and English authors, English translations of Latin and Greek literature and philosophy, English translations of Chinese classics, works on history, archeology and ethnology, art and music."

CONTRIBUTORS

Kurt von SCHUSCHNIGG was Austria's Chancellor after Dollfuss; the war released him from nazi captivity, and he has now written a political autobiography.

J. L. BENVENISTI is an English publicist, the author of several books none of which has been published in this country; he was born in Atlantic City, N. J.

Horace REYNOLDS writes from Cambridge, Mass.

William J. CASEY is chairman of the board of editors of The Research Institute of America, New York, N. Y. He served with the OSS in Western Europe.

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John BRODERICK is at present teaching at Notre Dame, Ind.

Ann HUNTER is on the editorial staff of Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, N. Y.